

# Edie Brickell, Hard Times

He left home when she was seventeen  
We came back to see her  
She was older cold and even mean  
Not like we remembered

Out along the old road  
Where the Indian Paintbrush grows  
She began to cry and said she wanted us to know

There were hard times  
When the family was broken  
There were hard times  
Then she lit up a smoke and said

Gonna open up my umbrella and keep it off of me  
It's so easy to go somewhere  
But so hard to leave  
I move far away and still the memories find me there  
When I hear the clock and see the dust come off the chair

There were hard times  
I don't wanna remember  
There were hard times  
And I don't want to see ya

Let the wind and white sheet blow through the room  
I can live with the ghosts but not with you  
It was never so easy saying goodbye

Sitting at a bus stop  
Waiting for euphoria  
I've heard so much bad news today  
I don't think I can take anymore  
Of the hard times  
Shadows on the horizon  
All the hard times  
Rusty glow in the sunrise